

Hey Mr. Lifeguard

by Heroine of the Valley

Category: Digimon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-28 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:49:36

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,489

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Greg, the human Gomamon, becomes a lifeguard in the real world.

Hey Mr. Lifeguard

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Hey Mr. Lifeguard

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Greg applied for a job as a lifeguard and what a lifeguard he was! He could swim for hours on end and hold his breath for twenty-five minutes. The girl's on the beach liked him because he was different from the lifeguards. Even the female lifeguards like him. But most of the male lifeguards were jealous of him. Greg sat proudly on his lifeguard chair like it was a throne and looked through his binoculars. "This is the life," he chuckled to himself.

"Hey, isn't that the new lifeguard?" a girl with black hair wearing a black bikini asked her friend with blond hair and wearing a tropical one-piece and wearing sunglasses.

"Oh yeah," the other lifted her sunglasses off her eyes and smiled, "cute isn't he? You know, I hear he could hold his breath for a long time." She stared out to him in wonder and in awe.

"No way," she gasped, "how long?"

She turned to her and lowered her eyebrows, "_Long_."

"Wow," she grinned, "hey I got an idea." She nodded to the ocean, her wet black hair flinging water, "Go swim out there and pretend to drown"

"You crazy?" she laughed. "How about you go instead, it's your

idea!"

"I'm serious and I already took a dip," the other persisted, "now go pretend to drown and I'll go tell him to help you! Come on, this will be fun!"

"Teresa, if we get busted for this, it'll be all your fault," reluctantly, she dropped her sunglasses to the sand and began swimming far off. Taking a deep breath, she submerged under the water. Then she came back up and gave her friend a thumbs up sign to tell her to go. She submerged back in the water and came back again, waving her arms about frantically.

Nodding in agreement Teresa, the girl wearing the black bikini ran to Greg, "Help, lifeguard, lifeguard!"

"What's wrong?" He asked, jumping from his lifeguard chair.

"My friend, she's drowning!" she turned to point her out in the water, "see her? She's wearing a tropical suit and she's got blond hair. Help her please, I think she just got a cramp!"

He grabbed his red lifesaver held on to a rope and ran to the water, dove and swam quickly. "Hold on, I'm coming!!" he shouted to her.

She spat out water and waved her arms. She was really just treading water, but she did her best to look like she was drowning.

"Grab on," he said, pushing the red lifesaver to her. She grabbed it and he put the rope between his teeth and swam back to shore. Other lifeguards held on to the lifesaver with their arm and swam side stroke or used the rope, but Greg didn't like doing that. He liked using different methods.

They reached the shore and Greg lifted her up in his arms and carried her to his chair, laid her down so she could rest. Teresa looked at her, pretending to be concerned.

"Valerie, are you okay?" Teresa asked, trying hard not to laugh. Her plan actually worked!

She nodded with a smile. She couldn't believe she pretended to drown! But she liked it. _Maybe I should have held my breath so could perform rescue breathing._ Valerie thought.

"Did you get a cramp in your leg?" Greg asked.

"Uh, yeah." Valerie mumbled, "then the riptide just carried me out."

"Well," Greg said firmly, but kindly, "you be careful and don't swim after you eat. You're supposed to wait, you know."

"Waters!" Greg heard his boss call him, "get over here now!" He was standing with a bunch of other lifeguards who didn't look happy.

"Oh, excuse me," he offered Valerie his hand and picked her up, "take it easy, okay?"

She nodded, "I'd better work on my tan." She laughed and put her arms out, showing her pale skin, "Look at me, I'm a marshmallow!"

"Yeah," Greg agreed, "but aren't marshmallows sweet?" He smiled flirtatiously.

"Waters!" Greg's boss shouted again. "Hurry up and stop flirting with those girls!"

"Yes sir," he shook his head playfully while he was with talking Valerie and Teresa. "I'm coming." He turned around and walked to his boss.

"You know, Teresa," Valerie chuckled, "faking to drown is actually pretty fun!"

"Did you notice that he put the rope between his teeth?" Teresa said, "nobody has done something like that before!"

"I wonder if he could really hold his breath for long, because I think we just hit something off." She turned back to see Greg being yelled at by his boss and employees. Greg rolled his eyes, saw her and winked. She blushed and gave a friendly wave.

Teresa laughed, "I bet we won't be the only girls to pretend to drown. I mean, look at his hair! I makes him look cool!"

"He's so buff too." Teresa and Valerie sat on their lawn chairs, applying suntan lotion.

"Greg Waters, what's the matter with you?" the chief lifeguard demanded.

"What are you talking about?" Greg demanded, "all I did was save a girl from drowning!"

"You put the rope between your teeth and you ran out there without calling backup!"

"Just to save one girl from drowning?" he raised an eyebrow.

"I think you should be kinder to Greg," one of the nicer lifeguards said. "He did his job, he may have done it differently than somebody else, but he got the job done, so lay off!"

That was Nancy Kyro, the assistant manager. She was nice to the new lifeguards and she was nicer to Greg because he was so different than the others. Not only that, she had a little crush on him. "Next time, Greg, you don't have to put the rope in your mouth. You can backstroke by holding the handle between your feet."

"Yes, ma'am," Greg said, "I understand."

When his shift was over and the sun started going down, Greg checked to see if there was anybody left on the beach. The beach was deserted and as he began to leave the beach, he saw Valerie waiting for him.

"Did I get you in trouble?" she asked, frowning as she leaned against

her car.

"What'd you mean?" he crossed his arms.

"When you saved me from drowning," she swayed side to side and put her finger to her lip to look sorry, "your boss was very mad at you. You didn't get fired, did you?"

"No, I wasn't fired." He uncrossed his arms, "it wasn't your fault. I guess they're just jealous because I'm a better lifeguard."

You're right about that Mr. Lifeguard, she thought. "Well, can I give you a lift?" she asked, holding her hand out to her car.

"Thanks, but I really shouldn't," he muttered. "I can take a bus."

"I know this really nice ice cream place," she persisted.

"Let's go!" he hopped in her car and put his seatbelt on. They went to the ice cream parlor and shared a sundae. They had a little small talk and she took him to his home, at the moment, he was staying with Joe, Sally and Alison. Sally finished designing the house and it was built just a few weeks before Greg started working at the beach. Alison recently started working as a firefighter.

"I'll see you again at the beach, won't I?" she asked, turning off the engine.

"Of course, that's where I work!" he chuckled slightly.

"Take care, Mr. Lifeguard," she said, leaning forward to kiss him on the cheek.

"You can call me Greg," he corrected, smiling as he took the kiss. "Bye Val," he got out and kept the door open, "oh, and you didn't fool me. I knew you were only pretending to drown."

"How did youâ€¦I mean, what?" she gasped.

"You can't hide it," he said simply. "I know what you were up to. Don't feel bad, you're not the first to pretend to drown, Valerie Feshuda and believe me, you won't be the last!" he clicked his tongue, winked and pointed his finger at her.

"How do you know my name?" she demanded.

"It's a little gift I have," he winked again and went inside.

Shaking her head, Valerie left the driveway, "that is the _last_ time I listen to Teresa!"

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file.